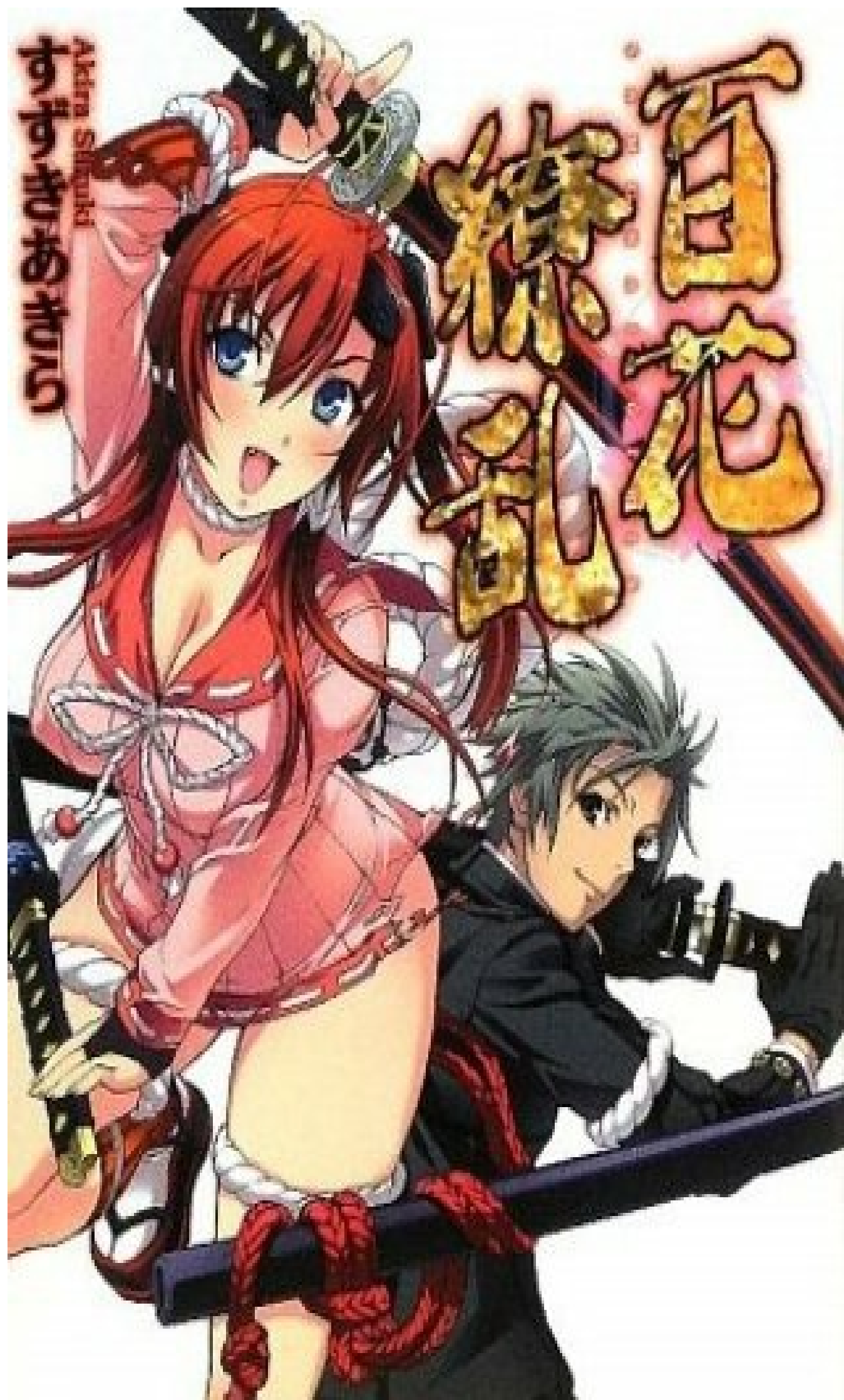


百鬼夜行



Akira Suzuki
for the first time

百花繚乱



Akira Sakurai
for the first time

Hyakka Ryouran - Samurai Girls - Volume 01

Chapter 00-01 (Incomplete)

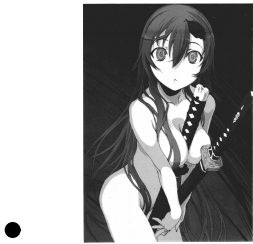
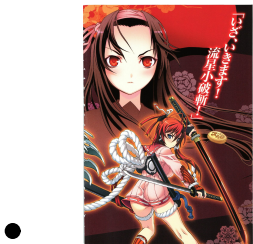
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Novel Illustrations



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Prologue

Prologue[\[edit\]](#)

The year was 20XX.

The Great Empire of Japan was under the reign of the twenty fifth head of the Tokugawa Shogunate, Tokugawa Yoshiasu, seemingly under peace and prosperity.

About a hundred kilometres away from the centre of Great Japan, the special administrative district of Oedo.

At the foot of the sacred Mount Fuji, there existed the vast grounds of a school famed throughout the land.

The Buou Private Academy.

Children from military families whose shoulders bore the weight of the future of Great Japan were gathered here, into an organization, whose students population exceeded over thirty thousand.

Its teaching facilities ranged from the childcare level, all the way up to university. Students studying from the secondary school level until university were all required to stay in dormitories, which were also located on-site at the Mount Fuji campus.

This academy was under the direct control of the Shogunate, but the students were given a degree of autonomy, being governed by the best of them. The Tokugawa clan and their vassals made up the student council, which managed the academy.

The Buou Academy's students were all from military households, which meant even the girls were trained as warriors.

As such they were allowed to carry swords with them, and naturally there were

other weapons besides swords that were carried around as well.

In accordance with the samurai code, students were expected to accept any challenge to battle, no matter where, when, or issued by whom.

Naturally, they were also expected to excel in both literary and military arts.

While being encouraged to indulge themselves in their studies, the idea that occasionally, they would have to fight battles where their lives were at stake was also drilled into them.

However, unrest was bubbling under the surface of this immortal bastion of an academy.

Dissatisfaction with the rule of the Tokugawa clan, rebellion, and underground activities.

All these were once exclusively outside the academy, but now their influence could be felt from within. Wanting to smash the reign of the Tokugawa Shogunate, it was like a foetus kicking within a mother's womb.

And here, at the Yagyuu Dojo...

Chapter 1

The Sword Princess who Fell from the Sky[[edit](#)]

Status:
Incomplete

Part 1[[edit](#)]

"... Ha! ... Ha!"

Slow and deliberate yells were coming from the rear garden of the Yagyuu dojo.

A katata was being swung in practice, which soon reached a thousand count.

Yagyuu Muneakira let out a huge sigh, before calmly lowering the edge of his sword.

His dougi had been removed and was currently tied around his waist; and being naked from the waist up, beads of sweat had formed on his bare skin.

On his slender body, his elastic muscles were coiled and tensed up. At the tip of his long bangs sweat had gathered, which like dew overflowing from grass, fell to the ground.

"No good. At this rate, I still have a long way to go..."

The day where he would be skilled in the Yagyuu Shinkage sword style was still far off. And the way things were now...

"How am I going to protect this dojo..."

The Yagyuu dojo itself was located in a corner of the students' quarters.

Going all the way back from Yagyuu Munenori, the Edo-based Yagyuu clan had been instructing other military families in the way of sword for over four hundred years.

Even within the Buou Academy, their services were requested as they were deemed the most apt for the job. Thus within this dojo, as the next head of the

Yagyuu clan, Muneakira was in charge of everything swordsmanship related within the academy.

However, at the moment, the dojo behind Muneakira's back was empty.

Furthermore, tomorrow he would have to vacate the premises.

Why? Because an order had been issued from the pillar of the student council, the executive committee.

"The Yagyuu dojo will now be under the direct control of the executive committee of the student council. Yagyuu Muneakira is to lead all the disciples of the dojo, enter under the command of the disciplinary committee, and formally join the hunt for the Toyotomi renegades."

That notice was delivered about a week ago.

Hunting for the Toyotomi renegades...

Basically it meant hunting rogue students who were anti-establishment, who were rebelling against the authority of the student council.

Currently, in the name of hunting the Toyotomi renegades, the student council's tyranny had slowly been escalating.

This had been single-handedly carried out by the disciplinary committee, and now they were effectively telling Muneakira to become the vanguard of the hunt.

But Muneakira had ignored this order.

"That's just idiotic. To call it hunting for Toyotomi renegades..."

Because the Buou academy was a school for warriors, children from the shogun's clan, daimyos, vassals, and other various families were all enrolled inside.

With the advent of the Great Meiji Reformation, social classes had been abolished, but the various families had continued their family line.

Muneakira was the heir to the Yagyuu name, and other powerful clans which once had large fiefdoms like Shimazu, Mouri, Maeda, Date were present as well.

Also, Oda, Imagawa, Houjo, and others who were once Daimyos in the Warring

States Era were also present.

Kitabatake, Ouchi, and other noble families also were represented.

On top of that, families which had been the enemy such as the Ishida, Konishi, Chosokabe clans had been resurrected with the new era, and had experienced a revival of sorts, thus within the Buou academy various families were represented.

The only exception was the Toyotomi clan. There was no student bearing the Toyotomi name.

In other words, it was just a pretext given by the student council.

People who went against the executive committee, or displayed an attitude towards them, or even people who they were displeased with; all were lumped together under the Toyotomi faction and forcibly suppressed.

Students who were caught faced punishments ranging from getting brainwashed, tortured, forced into slave labour, forced to drop out or expelled outright.

"How can they even call something like that a hunt for Toyotomi renegades? What they're doing is wrong."

Thus, even after receiving the eviction notice Muneakira didn't budge at all.

The student council had grown impatient and pressed him further, so Muneakira decided to shut down the dojo in response.

"Why does this dojo have to be closed!?"

The students who were disciples raised a fuss, but Muneakira's resolve was absolute.

(... This was a bit extreme, but it couldn't be helped. Better this than everyone being forced into oppressing other students under the pretext of hunting for Toyotomi renegades...)

Thus, Muneakira effectively excommunicated the hundred or so disciples under him, and was now defending the Yagyuu dojo, which he lived in, by himself.

However, the problem he was facing now was time.

Muneakira had gone against the executive committee, and this was something unforgivable in their eyes.

The disciplinary committee would come knocking at his door at any moment now. Muneakira had done all he could, what was left was,

"Polishing my sword techniques; that's all I can do now. That sounds about right..."

Leaking out a sigh, his gaze dropped downwards.

The sweat he had earlier had already vanished. Muneakira retrieved his scabbard from the open corridor, and sheathed the sword which was in his right hand.

Clink. Just as the pleasant sound of the habaki slotting snugly into the scabbard could be heard, it happened.

Suddenly, he was assaulted by a loud rumbling that came from behind him.

"...! Wha, ... what was that!?"

It was an attack large enough to cause the dojo to shake violently. It was as if lightning and an earthquake had struck the dojo at the same time, causing him to think the building was going to collapse.

Thinking the disciplinary committee had begun their attack, Muneakira braced himself, but there was no further sound.

"What in the world...?"

The sound and the attack seemed to have come from the training hall.

Stepping up into the corridor, Muneakira ran towards the training hall, katana in hand.

Part 2[[edit](#)]

"Wh, what... is this...?"

Looking up at the ceiling of the training hall, Muneakira could see the evening

sky.

Extending all the way to the roof, there was a gaping hole in the ceiling.

That wasn't all.

A large hole had been bored into the floor as well.

A portion of the polished amber floorboards had caved in, and white smoke was emanating from the hole.

Clearly, something had fallen from above, smashing the roof and embedding itself into the floor.

"A meteorite...? Or perhaps, something fell from a plane..."

First and foremost, it didn't look like an attack from the disciplinary committee. Muneakira tentatively lowered his guarded posture, and approached the hole in the floor.

The hole was a perfect circle. It looked to be about a metre deep.

The fog-like smoke slowly cleared. Muneakira peeked inside,

"Eh...!?"

His voice choked up.

What was inside... Was a white body.

Curled up like an infant, tender-looking sides and thighs could be seen.

Vividly red, like it was on fire, her long hair rested on her body.

"It's a person... A g, girl? It couldn't be..."

Muneakira reflexively looked upwards again. Looking up at the hole in the ceiling, he could see a circle shaped portion of the sky. His eyes unconsciously followed a black kite flying across the madder red clouds... but it wasn't the time or place for that.

"Ehh! Ehhh!?"

The hole in the ceiling. The hole in the floor. And the naked girl lying inside.

Ah. Her nakedness was the problem. It was a very serious problem. Glancing down once more, his cheeks began to flush crimson.

"It's not like that! No, wait, what's not like that... I, In any case, this girl smashed through the roof... which means she fell from the sky... wait, she might have just fallen from the roof... No way. If she just fell from the roof, then how could she have made such a large hole in the floor...!? So that means, she really...!?"

Having spoken thus far, Muneakira suddenly noticed something.

"A katana...?"

The girl was tightly gripping on to a katana with her body.

Two katanas, in fact. A daisho pair^[1], both of which were sheathed in their scabbards.

They looked much bigger than regular katanas. The smaller one was as long as the katana Muneakira was currently holding.

She was embracing the daisho with her entire body, both hands on the tsuka like she was hugging it in a death grip. It was like she was protecting the katanas. Or rather, it was as if she was trying to become one with them...

"Oh, right. Is this girl hurt anywhere...?"

He couldn't see any visible wounds on her at all, but it didn't mean she wasn't injured. If she was hurt then he would have to look after her. Or he could bring her to the academy's hospital.

His eyes drawn to her red hair, which was like blood, Muneakira slowly extended his hand forward.

He decided that he should remove the katanas away from the girl's body first, and placed his hand on the handle of the katana.

The girl's body twitched in response. Like she was having some sort of seizure, the girl's body began to shake.

"Wah!"

The girl's hand caught onto Muneakira's arm.

Her grip was tight and hard, to the point where her fingers were digging into his flesh.

"... That's a relief. You're alive. I mean, are you ok? Are you hurt anywhere..."

In front of Muneakira, who was chatting away, the girl lifted up her head with a start.

She looked up at Muneakira, and he noticed her eyes.

In direct contrast to her hair, her eyes were a bright blue, like the colour of a clear lake. Those eyes were now staring at Muneakira's own.

And like the surface of a lake, Muneakira's face was reflected in her eyes. Like he was talking to the reflection of himself in the large eyes of the girl, Muneakira continued on.

"H, Hi there... Who, are y..."

Who are you? Just as he was about to say that,

"Aha~"

A smile had formed on the girl's face.

"Ah... haha...?"

Muneakira unconsciously laughed along with her. The girl's arms were extending towards her face. Eh, he thought, as she covered her face with both hands.

The girl's lips moved.

"... Ma, ma."

"Eh, she actually spoke. Ma, ma... Mama?"

"Mama... mama!"

While innocently saying that, the girl laughed. Her bare chest quivered along with her laughter.

"N, no, I'm not your mama. My name is Yagyuu... by the way, I'm a guy. Rather than mama, I'd be a papa... no, that's not it. If you call me papa there's going to be a weird misunderstanding later... You look like you're about the same age as me... so uncle... or maybe a brother... Ok. You can call me onii-chan."

It wasn't as though he wanted a specific name for her to call him by, but

rather, he thought that he should get her to stop calling him mama.

(Still, she can talk. If so, then I can ask her about this situation...)

The moment Muneakira felt relieved,



"Onii-chan..."

The girl's face was steadily getting closer, but by the time he realised that, their lips had already met.

Chuu—

There was really a sound like that. It was slight, but Muneakira heard it. The sound of a kiss travelled to his brain from the inside of his mouth.

It felt soft, and warm. Her lips were elastic. The scent of flowers from somewhere entered his nose...

(... Uwaah!? Th, this is... This is...!!!)

First kiss.

The first kiss of Yagyuu Muneakira, first year student, sixteen years old, disappeared, just like that. Or rather, perhaps it would be better to say his first kiss was stolen from him just like that.

But there was more. Something more important than the kiss. And that was,

(It's clinging to me. Her naked bo... I mean, her skin is... on my...)

Muneakira had dashed over immediately after his training, thus he was still shirtless. This meant that the girl's bare flesh was glued tightly to his bare upper body.

He could feel the squish of something pressing against his chest. It was soft, and yet springy all around, bigger than he had imagined, and there were two of them; the bulges that were in contact with his body.

Ba-dump!

At that moment, his heart pounded with a large thud like it was about to break. In an instant, Muneakira's body began to shake violently.

(Wh, what... is this...?!)

An overwhelming heat began to build up in his body.

He could feel his blood boiling, and then rushing to every part of his body with a terrifying speed. Overflowing, bursting out, he felt like he was being eroded from within...

"!!! ... Guaaah!"

He pulled his mouth away. In the space where theirs two lips had been joined together, a faint trail of saliva lingered briefly, before vanishing as quickly as it had appeared.

At the same time, Muneakira shoved the girl away from him.

"Kyaa!"

"Ah! I'm sor..."

(ry, huh? Nothing happened. Was that a hallucination?)

It couldn't be, did the kiss and our bare skins touching get me excited and caused that sort of reaction?

Flustered, Muneakira extended out his hand towards the girl. Helping her up, he was in a position where it looked like he was cradling her in his arms...

"Yagyuu Muneakira! Cease your resistance and obediently submit to the executive committee's order!"

Part 3[\[edit\]](#)

The sound of a girl's voice echoed throughout the training hall. Muneakira turned around.

"The student council...?"

Adorned with the insignia and wearing the arm band of the disciplinary committee, a uniform clad girl was standing imperiously behind him.

"Hattori Hanzo Yoshinari of the disciplinary committee, under the executive committee. I have come to oversee the handing over of the Yagyuu dojo!"

She had cool and calm eyes behind her glasses. Her school uniform had been modified to resemble a maid's uniform, and standing behind her were several female students also belonging to the disciplinary committee.

In total there were ten of them.

Even though they were girls, he couldn't let his guard down. All of them were trained in the Hattori style of ninja arts, and were the enforcers of the student committee. All of them carried straight swords behind their backs.

"O-of all the times to come..."

While Muneakira was panicking, Hanzo had entered into the training hall and was approaching him.

"Yagyuu Muneakira, submit this instant... Ah—!"

Having noticed the hole in the ceiling, she raised her voice.

"What's with this hole!? This dojo is already under the management of the student council. You can't just go around and destroy parts of the place as you like... ahh, even the floor....?!"

Hanzo was Muneakira's classmate, and also the class representative. A character trait of hers was she was habitually strict and fussy.

Her sharp sight had caught the hole in the floor, and now she was advancing towards Muneakira, on the verge of unleashing her wrath on the person she thought responsible.

Once she had reached a certain distance, it became impossible to hide it from her any longer.

“Ah, um...”

Hanzo had spotted the naked girl Muneakira was holding on to.

“...! Wh-what!? What are you— such a... shameful... “

Hanzo’s screeched.

“Student council rule number 21, fraternization between males and females is illegal! Th-this... for a naked couple to be embracing... it’s... it’s impure...!”

Hanzo’s face turned bright red in the blink of an eye. She was flusteredly screaming at Muneakira.

“No, wait a minute! This is a misunderstanding... I don’t know what’s going on too! I have no idea who this girl is... she fell through the hole, no, I didn’t actually see it, but she probably did. That’s why...”

“Onii-chan”

“Yeah, I’m just her onii-chan. ... Eh.”

The girl laughed. However, Hanzo’s face grew even more grim.

“Onii-chan...!? I-incest!? You’d lay a hand on your younger sister!? You brute! Yagyuu Muneakira, you’re really the lowest...!”

Having spoken thus, she removed a dagger from her bosom in a fit of anger, and thrust it in the direction of Muneakira.

“Wait, stop this...!”

Having said that though, Muneakira was still a samurai.

Reflexively, he drew the uchigatana^[2] he was carrying with him, and parried the oncoming dagger.

The two blades met with the resounding sound of steel clashing on steel.

Hanzo’s dagger was sent flying from her grasp.

At this point, if Muneakira wasn’t clinging on to the girl, or if the girl wasn’t clinging on to him, he could have easily dodged the oncoming dagger.

“Guh...!”

The tip of the dagger lightly grazed his forehead. In order to protect the girl, Muneakira had used himself as a shield, causing him to be unable to completely dodge the dagger.

Blood began to flow from the wound.

“Ah...! Are you ok?!”

The one who was shocked was Hanzo. Muneakira merely laughed it off,

“I’m fine. The wound isn’t that deep. More importantly though, at least let me explain this whole situation properly...”

He stopped halfway. His gaze had fallen onto the girl in his arms.

The blood from his wound had fallen onto her face. Also, a little had gotten onto her chest as well.

“Sorry. You’re all dirty from the blood. Let me wipe it off...”

Searching for a handkerchief, he reached into the pocket of his hakama.

Unexpectedly, the girl lifted up her face.

Her bangs had been covering her face so he couldn’t see it, but now it had completely changed.

The expression on the face his blood was now on had been sweet, gentle, and as cute as a toddler’s, but now it was a mature one, with a healthy glow and an expression as cold as ice.

“You...”

As Muneakira remained in a state of shock, the girl got up. Slowly, she stood on her feet.

“What is this... Who are you...?”

At her sudden change, Hanzo involuntarily raised her voice. In response to it, the girl’s eyes shifted their focus onto Hanzo. In her hands, she gripped the daisho pair she had been holding onto earlier.

“I am... Yagyuu Jubei...”

It was a quiet voice, but heavy enough such that the earth seem to rumble with it.

Her eyes, which had been like a warm lake, now turned into a deep blue, like an ocean.

“Jubei... Are you referring to Jubei Mitsuyoshi-sama?”

Muneakira was the one who asked.

Yagyuu Jubei Mitsuyoshi.

More than anything else, that name held a special meaning for the Yagyuu clan. And the naked girl had clearly uttered those words from her mouth.

“Who on earth... are you?”

“T-Throw down your sword and come along quietly now! Yagyuu Muneakira, if you do not comply, then you leave us no choice but to use our full strength to bring you and that girl both in!”

While Hanzo spoke, she gave a hand signal. The disciplinary committee members under her command spread to form a circle, trapping them inside it. They were planning on encircling them to ensure Muneakira and the girl’s capture.

“W-wait! Please wait! Let me talk to her first!”

Ignoring Muneakira’s entreaty, the female students drew their swords. Upon seeing the gleam of their swords, the girl calling herself Yagyuu Jubei took action.

Without even a single sound, she distanced herself away from Muneakira.

At that point, she already had a sword in each hands. In her left was the tachi^[3], and her right held the kogatana^[4]. Flipping the scabbards, she placed them standing on the floor.

(Huh...? What is she doing...?)

Muneakira watched on.

He was surprised by how she managed to leave his side without him noticing, but even stranger was the way she had stood her two swords with the hilt facing down.

(In that situation, she can't draw her sword at all. Or rather, she doesn't want to draw them. Maybe she doesn't want to cause a bigger commotion than she already has, but...)

His swordsman's intuition was warning him of something though. Something was about to happen, and it was something he wanted to see with his own eyes.

The girl's sudden change in character and her calling herself Yagyuu Jubei intrigued him.

Furthermore, up till just now she was soft and tender, but now she was completely different, her whole body filled with an unusual atmosphere. It wasn't killing intent, and if he had to put into words then he would have to say it was like Kenki^[5], a concept only swordsmen would understand.

(Even so... I wish she'd at least wear something.)

As usual the girl had nothing on her, her figure very much like the way one was born into the world.

Muneakira removed the jacket tied around his waist, and offered it to her, his gesture meaning 'at least put this on'. However, it was unclear whether the girl had noticed, and all she said was

"Get down. No actually... Jump."

"Jump...?"

At least he understood the order to get down. But jump? Muneakira was confused as to what sort of warning that was.

Before he could voice his next question though, it happened.

Translator's Notes and References^{[[edit](#)]}

1. [↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daish%C5%8D](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daish%C5%8D)
2. [↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uchigatana](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uchigatana)
3. [↑](#) the longer one

4. [↑](#) the shorter one
5. [↑](#) 剣気. Made famous by Rurounin Kenshin. It's basically a swordsman's spirit, and it affects the swordsman's strength. Best example is go play samurai spirits 0, the gauge below your life gauge is the kenki gauge.